

SALEM NEWS.

Roanoke Times Bureau, Dillard & Persinger Building, College Avenue, J. Ernest Walker, Agent.

SALEM ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALEM IMPROVEMENT CO., SALEM, VA.

For Information About Real Estate, Industries, etc., Address

J. W. F. Allemong, Pres., Salem, Va.

SALEM DEVELOPMENT CO., SALEM, VA.

For Information About Manufacturing Establishments, Real Estate, Railroad

Facilities, Schools, etc., Address. A. M. Bowman, Pres., Salem, Va.

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HIGHEST GRADE GOODS, EASIEST TERMS, BEST SATISFACTION, AND LOWEST PRICES.

Pianos, organs, sheet music, and anything in the musical line can be had of us at rock bottom prices.

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Cakes and Confections, wholesale and retail. Orders for weddings and parties filled. Ornamental work a specialty.

Camden Iron Works, ALABAMA STREET, SALEM, VA.

Manufactures Ornamental and Architectural Castings Iron Fencing, Cresting, Iron Fronts, Miners' Cars, etc.

DOGS TURNED WILD. A Pack of Hounds Which Have Gone Back to Savagery.

For some time there have been reports of a strange band of animals which was preying on the farmers in the northwestern part of Kansas.

The rest of the band ran off and he brought the dead animal into camp to save its skin. He was much surprised the next morning to find that he had a dead dog instead of a dead wolf.

He Needed Rest.—Long-haired Individual (to managing editor)—"Is the literary editor in?" Managing Editor—"No, he's gone off on his vacation."

At Isle of Cuba Cigar Store, No. 33 Salem Avenue, you'll find the largest assortment of pipes, tobaccos and cigars in Roanoke.

ROUND ABOUT SLAEM.

Happenings of a Day Boiled Down.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Hutchinson received a telegram Sunday morning from Edinburg, Va., stating that Mrs. A. L. Miller, the aged mother of Mrs. Hutchinson, was critically ill from pneumonia.

Mr. Marshall P. Frantz commenced the building of a substantial residence on Craig Avenue yesterday.

Mrs. Eakin, wife of Conductor James R. Eakin, of the Radford division, is visiting her brother-in-law, Mr. Nat Wells, on Craig Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Speer Dickson, who have recently moved here from Pennsylvania, gave a very enjoyable party last night at their residence on Virginia Avenue.

All members of the Salem Silver Cornet Band, are requested to attend a business meeting to be held at the band-room next Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Mr. W. W. Patton, of Baltimore, "one of the boys" of Salem three or four years ago, is here on a visit.

Funeral Director John M. Oakey left last night on a business trip to Washington, D. C.

Bon Austin and Elijah Walker, colored brakemen at the furnace, both had their hands badly mashed yesterday while coupling cars.

Mrs. W. H. King, who has been visiting Mrs. Harrison on Pennsylvania Avenue, returned to Chattanooga last night.

Mr. C. F. Zitzer, of Iron Gate, has been appointed ticket agent at the depot in place of W. D. Marvel, who has obtained a place at Harrisburg on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad.

On account of the breaking of the governor on the new engine Sunday afternoon there will be no electric lights for several nights.

The old reliable Duncan system of oil lamps will semilluminato the town in the meantime.

Mr. Frank G. Webber, accompanied by City Sergeant Frier and other friends, left for Richmond Sunday at noon and will return to-night.

Leo, Martin, the one-year old son of Mrs. J. A. Martin, died at her home, on Colorado street, Sunday night of brain fever.

Jennings Bowman, son of J. R. Bowman, died at the farm of Marshall Frantz, near town, Saturday afternoon, aged 19, after a long illness from uremia, and was buried Sunday afternoon, Rev. A. D. Goodwin conducting the services.

George Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C., entered Roanoke College yesterday.

Everything is now moving along nicely at the factory of the Chadwick Two-Wheeler; every department is in operation, the building is thoroughly heated by steam, the elevators are in working order and some very handsome vehicles are now being finished.

In the Salem advertisements in today's TIMES will be found the card of O. D. Oakey, proprietor of the Camden Iron Works, one of the most valuable manufacturing enterprises of the "Queen City of the Southwest."

The Camden Iron Works. In the Salem advertisements in today's TIMES will be found the card of O. D. Oakey, proprietor of the Camden Iron Works, one of the most valuable manufacturing enterprises of the "Queen City of the Southwest."

In fencing his success has been peculiarly successful and gratifying. The East City Cemetery at Salem, the residences of Rosebaum Bros., and Maj. A. Pope and Mrs. Taylor, at Roanoke, are enclosed by iron fencing turned out by the Camden Works, and attest the faithful as well as tasteful manner in which Mr. Oakey executes contracts.

His work on the hotels Felix and Continental at Roanoke, show what he can do in ornamental iron work, porches, etc. His prices are low and he invites an examination of them, as well as styles, and desires an opportunity of submitting estimates before parties place their orders elsewhere.

Mr. Oakey also deals in powder and railroad contractors' supplies of every description, which will be sold in job lots.

The Salem Baker and Confectioner. One of the most useful of the many enterprises of Salem is the bakery and candy manufactory of L. W. Spies on Main street.

Mr. Spies is a fine practical workman and never fails to give perfect satisfaction in filling any order entrusted to him. He carries a new stock of cakes and confections and is prepared to fill promptly all orders, wholesale or retail, at satisfactory prices.

Ornamental work turned out by him has received much praise, and he may be relied upon to supply parties and weddings in a manner perfectly satisfactory. Give him a trial order. He will please you.

WHERE do you have your laundrying done? At the Roanoke Steam Laundry, on Kirk Avenue.

At Isle of Cuba Cigar Store, No. 33 Salem Avenue, you'll find the largest assortment of pipes, tobaccos and cigars in Roanoke.

WHY HUMBUB THRIVES.

Because Some People Don't Know What to Do with Their Money.

The fact of the matter is, America is a famous place to make money in, but a wretched spot to spend it in. People of great wealth find people of small fixed incomes gravitate to Europe as the moth to the flame.

It has often been figured how much families who maintain great establishments, like the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Belmonts, or Goletts, can spend in a year.

With incomes ranging anywhere from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000, says the Illustrated American, these people find it wretched hard work to get rid of \$150,000 a year.

No wonder that they invest in huge steam yachts and diamond stomachers. A box at the opera, a ball or two, horses and carriages, and a retinue of servants take only a dipperful out of the barrel.

Then the opera box is as often let as not, the balls turn to ashes, the horses and carriages are knocked about over the worst pavements in the world, and a multiplication of domestics only means so many more drunks and incompetents below stairs.

A man may belong to a dozen different clubs and scarcely find one that is agreeable. A woman will patronize twenty different modistes and be lucky to find two that fit her.

The mere fact that all the town insists upon crowding into the uncomfortable confines of Delmonico's when it wants to give a ball or eat a luncheon proves how utterly without resource New York is as a dispenser of amusement and comfort.

Our theaters, truly enough, compare favorably with the best of Paris and London, but they begin at an hour when most people prefer to be at dinner; and if a play succeeds at all, it is kept on the boards until it dies of old age.

Flower shows, horse shows and dog shows—all very well and pretty in their way, but neither intellectual nor enduring—are seized upon by society with an absurd avidity born of ennui.

A new singer or pianist or violinist is hunted like a quarry, and made amused but happy to find that he can command ridiculous prices to go and amuse bored people at their own houses.

Men take to drink or hunting, according as the frost is hard or soft; women band themselves together into all sorts of classes and cabals, to be imposed upon by posturers and "Delsartians," simply to kill time.

Every kind of humbug thrives and prospers in New York, simply because the people who live there and have money to spend are crazy to be amused.

DEATH ON CATS.

A Mastiff That Destroys Felines and Then Submits to Punishment.

A Massachusetts gentleman has a large dog, a cross between an English mastiff and a St. Bernard, which is very fond of killing cats, says the Youth's Companion.

Indeed, it is practically impossible to keep a cat at the stable, so fond is Karl of destroying them. He has been whipped and chained up, but though in general he is well behaved he cannot in this respect be brought to reason.

Whenever Karl kills a cat, which happens every week or two, the groom is in the habit of digging a grave, and then making the dog bring the body of poor puss to the spot.

Karl takes the body of his victim to the place, which has now become quite a populous cemetery, and while the grave is being dug he lies beside it, licking the cat all over, as if preparing her for burial.

When the grave is ready, he invariably gives puss a vigorous nip on the spine, as if to make sure that she is really finished, and then taking her by the back of the neck, he gravely drops her into the hole prepared for her.

When all this is over, he follows the groom to the stable to be whipped. He knows what is coming, and evidently accepts it as a necessary part of the process of killing a cat, but it does not in the least prevent him from disposing of the next pussy which is brought to the stables.

A Mammoth Moose.

The head of a monster bull moose was exhibited at Caribou, Me., recently. There were nine prongs on one horn and eight on the other, the spread of the antlers measuring five feet.

The moose, which must have weighed fifteen hundred pounds at least, was shot by a Frenchman on the American side of the St. John river.

The hunter, with a companion, was asleep by a camp fire in the woods, when he was awakened in the middle of the night by the moose smelling over him.

He soon got his rifle and with one shot dropped the animal to his knees, finishing him with the other bullet. It was fortunate for the sleeping Frenchman that he escaped alive, for the bull moose is an ugly customer, especially under such conditions as those stated.

The hunters were so far away from the settlements that it was impossible for them to bring in more than the head and hide of the moose, which was probably the largest ever killed in Maine.

Delaware's Fighters.

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware are called "The Blue Hen's Chickens," but not one in a hundred can tell you why they are so called.

The epithet is said to have had its origin in the following: One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in the war of the revolution was a Capt. Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness for cock fighting.

He drilled his men admirably, they being known throughout the army as "Caldwell's game cocks." This same Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless its mother was a blue hen.

As the months wore away Caldwell's men became known as "The Blue Hen's Chickens," a title which only increased their respect for the old game-cock captain. The nickname became famous, and after the close of the war was applied indiscriminately to all natives of the "Diamond state."

HORRORS OF LEPROSY.

Medical Science Baffled by the Dread Scourge.

How the Disease is Propagated in the Holy Land—The Strange Treatment of Lepers in the Fiji Islands.

It is a rather remarkable thing that medical science is still in such a state of deplorable ignorance with regard to the disease of leprosy, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In all other ailments the progress of the last twenty-five years has been such as to warrant the hope that the time will come when there is no complaint from which a human being suffers which cannot be diagnosed and treated with success.

But in leprosy the progress, if any, is slow. In India to-day the leper is as common as he was many years ago. You meet him about the streets, you see him begging under the verandas of every house of the wealthy.

The lepers are isolated, cast out from even their own family, and it has been recorded that the government has had to interfere to prevent a father burying his own son alive in order to prevent a spread of the malady.

In the Holy Land the lepers are to be met with roaming about and begging from every visitor, and indeed in several other parts of the world they are to be met with in equal numbers.

The English government has sent out many commissions to India to inquire into the subject, but so far little has been accomplished. There is not as yet sufficient hospital accommodation, and so the lepers wander about in some of the out-of-the-way places, and the disease is propagated.

In connection with the subject there is a curious thing as to a cure in the Fiji Islands. It is recorded, by a missionary who has himself heard the tale from one who actually experienced what he narrates.

The cure is effected by the poisonous juice of the singgaga and the process is this: The victim is taken into a house away from the center of his clothes and his body rubbed with green leaves. Then a small fire is lighted and a few pieces of the singgaga laid on it.

When the smoke begins to ascend the man is bound hand and foot and lifted over the fire until his head reaches about fifteen inches above the ground. There he is allowed to writhe in his agony for sometimes hours, till it is thought he has been sufficiently smoked.

Then the body is gashed and allowed to bleed freely. The man may live or die. For the time he is left lying on the rough pallet prepared for him. If he lives he gets better. That at least was the case with the man of whom the missionary wrote.

A TRAVELED TRAMP.

Seventy, Has Been Around the World and Never Worked Nor Drank.

"I never worked; I was never in a poorhouse; I am a professional tramp; yes, gentlemen, a professional tramp; but I never begged of anybody. I tramped over the world twice, yet there is nobody who can say an ill word of me.

People took sympathy on me—that is how I got along; they fed and clothed me and gave me shelter. This, gentlemen, has been my life for fifty-eight years."

In this strain Joseph Clinton, an emaciated and weather-scared old man of nearly seventy years, told his pathetic story to the officials at the Philadelphia hospital the other day, says the Philadelphia Record.

Despite his worn and broken-down appearance he has the refinement of one used to better things, and one whom hard experience has taught much.

When but eight years old both of Clinton's parents died and left him alone. He admits with candor that he has never done a stroke of work in his life. He has simply existed.

In winter his sleep was snatched in barns, with blankets pitying neighbors gave him to shield him from the cold. In summer he sought rest on the grass.

It was a mortifying event to the crippled old man to be compelled to enter a workhouse. Unusually intelligent, he asserts that he never touched a drop of liquor, while his language is easy and fluent, and his general deportment that of a man in easy circumstances.

No Use for Water.

A noted medical practitioner once told a newspaper man that there was no need of bathing. "You might as well grease yourself all over," said he. "Look at the noble Comanche. Where will you find a more lithe and lusty specimen of agile, muscular manhood? He never bathes. He hates the water with as keen an antipathy as does a mad dog.

Take my advice, young man, imitate the Comanche. What he knows he knows by experience just as a bear knows that his place is on dry land and as a beaver knows he can live in the wet."

The Silo Going Out.

Some years ago there was a sudden fashion for the conversion of green stuffs into what is called ensilage. In various parts of the country, and especially in some parts of Scotland, expensive silos were built into which the green grass was thrown to be preserved by fermentation.

One hears less of ensilage now that six years ago. The truth is that the silo has gone out of fashion again. Scores of them are standing idle in Scotland, and the system has manifestly failed to acclimatize itself.

Men's Dress in Kansas.

According to a local authority a Kansas man to be in style must wear a soft hat and a sack hat for business and a Prince Albert coat for full dress occasions.

This authority estimates that perhaps a dozen men in Emporia wear full dress suits on proper occasions, twenty or thirty in Wichita, ten or twelve in Abilene, seventy-five to a hundred in Topeka, fifteen to twenty in Lawrence, one hundred and thirty in Atchison, eight or ten in Salina, and more than anywhere else in Leavenworth.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Of the Principal Business Houses of Roanoke.

The following is published daily for the benefit of strangers and the public generally. It includes all trades and professions and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in Roanoke.

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